

The Weekly Expositor

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TALE.

MICH.

In most cases the merchant who has no money to spend in advertising eventually has no money to meet other expenses.

THE Chinese empress's present of 4,000 boxes of aromatic powder to the army seems to be the only powder which has been of use to it.

SINCE the emperor of Germany has grown fond of a punch made of wine and crushed cucumber, there is naturally much discussion as to the views of the crown prince.

AND now a widow of twenty-eight seeks to recover damages to affect a trifled with by a wooer of seventy. Alas, that courting should so frequently end in the court.

A MAN on trial for bigamy advances the collateral plea that his relatives are respectable. It is probably owing to this fortunate circumstance that the relatives are not on trial.

A MAN who tried to rush forward and shake hands with the duke of York has been declared an imbecile. It is not known whether or not there was any other evidence.

THE Khedive of Egypt has a bicycle which is entirely silver-plated and of gorgeous build and equipment. The Khedive is well known among the "sports" in this country as "hot stuff."

Is the new Krag-Jorgensen army rifle as deadly as the experts claim. It will only be necessary to warn the enemy of its remarkable powers in order to induce retreat and disastrous flight.

TALENT runs in the Doyle family. Conan Doyle is great with pen and in the lecture field, while his father, "Dicky" Doyle, was about the best cartoonist and all-round pencil artist in England.

The football players and the spectators of football games seem never to discern quite as much objectionable roughness in the game as do the people who stay at home and never go near the field.

THE question has been raised in India whether it is proper for women to baptize converts of their own sex. It has special reference to the work of the Zonana missions, which is largely carried on by women.

A CHICAGO journalist died of a strange disease, which, he said, compelled him to fast. The same malady is not unknown among newspaper men, and even those engaged in other walks of life elsewhere.

SHOULD Great Britain go to war with France over Madagascar or for any other cause her hold upon Canada would be greatly weakened. A large proportion of the Canadians are people of French descent who chafe under British rule and are ready to seize the first opportunity to throw it off. Annexation to the United States would be the easiest way out.

It has been decided by an Eastern judge that hissing at a play is lawful, provided the play deserves it, and the hiss does not interrupt but considerably waits the fall of the curtain. While on the subject the court ought to have defined the legal status of the disapproving dead cat and the reproachful cabbage.

The noble horse is in hard lines. The substitution of electricity for brute power on the street car lines has taken from him steady employment and pushed his market price to a lower level than for many years; the bicyclist has beaten his best record with ease and fluency, and now, to crown all, an Iowa firm is selling canned horse just as it sells the flesh of a lovely steer.

A BOSTON newspaper which always endeavors to use clear and simple language says that "nature moves in a series of rhythms and passes through alternate epochs of dominance and subsidence." We were positive last summer that something was the matter with the old dame, but we had no idea that matters were so serious. It is to be hoped that the subsidence will yield to treatment and subsidence.

You cannot satisfy some people. There are certain taxpayers of New Utrecht, N. Y., who are complaining to the supreme court that there is too much light of nights in that town. They think that a street lamp for every three inhabitants is a too liberal provision and that moreover it would not have been made if somebody had not stood in with the local gas company to award it the contract at \$28 per lamp. One man, who has ten gas lamps near his house, is real mad.

THE Chicago astronomer who is exhibiting a model of his telescope in proof of his statements that he saw a patch of verdure in the moon is much like the Hibernian who carried a brick about with him as a specimen of the house he had to sell.

THE New York police apparently regularly graded themselves in the matter of "protection" money, the patrolmen accepting sprays, while nothing is said of the (in cash, jewelry and furniture) would content the higher officers.

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

TALMAGE PREACHES OF OCTOBER THOUGHTS.

"The Stork in the Heavens Knew Her Appointed Time, but My People Know Not the Judgment of God." Jer. 8: VII.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 21.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who has left India and is now on his homeward journey, has selected as the subject for his sermon to-day through the press, "October Thoughts," his text by Jer. 8: VII.

When God would set fast a beautiful thought, he plants it in a tree. When he would put it among the fashions it is a fish. When he would have it glide the air, he moulds it into a bird.

My text speaks of four birds of beautiful instinct—the stork, of such strong affection that it is allowed familiarly to come in Holland and Germany, and build its nest over the doorway; the sweet-dispositioned turtle dove, mingling in color white and black, and brown, and ash, and chestnut; the crane, with voice like the clang of a trumpet; the swallows, swift as a dart shot out of the bow of heaven, falling, mounting, skimming, sailing—four birds started by the prophet twenty-five centuries ago, yet flying on through the ages, with rousing truth under glossy wing and in the clutch of stout claw. I suppose it may have been this very season of the year—autumn—and the prophet out-of-doors, thinking of the impetuosity of the people of his day, hears a great cry overhead.

Now, you know it is no easy thing for one with ordinary delicacy of eye-sight to look into the deep blue of noonday heaven; but the prophet looks up, and there are flocks of storks, and turtle doves, and cranes, and swallows drawn out in long lines for flight southward. As is their habit, the cranes had arranged themselves in two lines making an angle, a wedge splitting the air with wild velocity, the old crane, with commanding call bidding them onward; while the towns, and the cities, and the continents slid under them. The prophet, almost blinded from looking into the dazzling heavens, stoops down and begins to think how much superior the birds are in sagacity about their safety than men about theirs; and he puts his hand upon the pen, and begins to write: "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

If you were in the field to-day, in the clump of trees at the corner of the field, you would see a convention of birds, noisy as the American congress the last night before adjournment, or as the English parliament when some unfortunate member proposes more economy in the queen's household—a convention of birds all talking at once, moving and passing resolutions on the subject of migration; some proposing to go to-morrow, some moving that they go to-day, but all unanimous in the fact that they must go soon, for they have marching orders from the Lord written on "the first white sheet of frost, and in the pictorial of the changing leaves. There is not a belted kingfisher, a chaffinch, or a fire crested wren, or a plover, or a red legged partridge but expects to spend the winter at the south, for the apartments have already been ordered for them in South America or in Africa; and after thousands of miles of flight, they will stop in the very tree where they spent last January. Farewell, bright plumage! Until spring weather, away! Fly on, great band of heavenly musicians! Strew the continents with music, and whether from Ceylon, or from the swamps, or from the groves of men see your wings or hear your voice, may they yet bethink themselves of the solemn words of the text: "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

I propose so far as God may help me, in this sermon, carrying out the idea of the text, to show that the birds of the air have more sagacity than men. And I begin by particularizing and saying that they mingle music with their work. The most serious undertaking of a bird's life is this annual flight southward. Naturalists tell us that they arrive thin and weary, and plumage ruffled, and yet they go singing all the way; the ground, the lower line of the music, the sky, the upper line of the music, themselves the notes scattered up and down between. I suppose their song gives elasticity to their wing and helps on with the journey, dwindling a thousand miles into four hundred. Would God that we were as wise as they in mingling Christian song with our every day work! I believe there is such a thing as taking the pitch of Christian devotion in the morning and keeping it all the day. I think we might take some of the dulcet, heavenly, most disagreeable work of our life, and set it to the tune of "Antioch" or "Mount Pisgah."

It is a good sign when you hear a workman whistle. It is a better sign when you hear him hum a roundelay. It is a still better sign when you hear him sing the words of Isaac Watts or Charles Wesley. A violin chorded and strung, if something accidentally strike it, makes music, and I suppose there is such a thing as having our hearts so attuned by divine grace, that even the rough collisions of life will make a heavenly vibration. I do not believe that the power of Christian song has yet been fully tried. I believe that if you could roll the "Old Hundred" drolery through the street, it would put an end to any panic! I believe that the ends of the world are to be swept out by heaven born hallelujahs. Some one asked

Haydn, the celebrated musician, why he always composed such cheerful music. "Why," he said, "I can't do otherwise. When I think of God my soul is so full of joy that the notes leap and dance from my pen." I wish we might all exult melodiously before the Lord. With God for our Father, and Christ for our Savior, and heaven for our home, and angels for future companions, and eternity for a lifetime, we should strike all the notes of joy. Going through the wilderness of this world let us remember that we are on the way to the summery clime of heaven, and from the migratory populations flying through this autumnal air learn always to keep singing.

Children of the heavenly King, As ye journey, sweetly sing, Sing your Savior's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

Ye are traveling home to God, In the way you fathers trod; They are happy now, and we Soon their happiness shall see.

The church of God never will be a triumphant church until it becomes a singing church.

I go further, and remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we, in the fact that in their migration they fly very high. During the summer, when they are in the fields, they often come within reach of the gun, but when they start for their annual flight southward, they take their places mid-heaven and go straight as a mark. The longest rifle that was ever brought to shoulder can not reach them. Would to God that we were as wise as the stork and crane in our flight heavenward. We fly so low that we are within easy range of the world, the flesh and the devil. We are brought down by temptations that ought not to come within a mile of reaching us. Oh, for some of the faith of George Miller of England, and Elfred Cockman once of the church militant, now of the church triumphant! So poor is the type of piety in the church of God now, that men actually caricature the idea that there is any such thing as a higher life. Moles never did believe in eagles. But, my brethren, because we have not reached these heights ourselves, shall we deride the fact that there are any such heights? A man was once talking to Brunel, the famous engineer, about the length of the railroad from London to Bristol. The engineer said, "It is not very great. We shall have, after a while, a steamer running from England to New York." They laughed him to scorn; but we have gone so far now that we have ceased to laugh at anything as impossible for the Lord? I do not believe that God exhausted all his grace in Paul, and Latimer and Edward Payson. I believe there are higher points of Christian attainment to be reached in the future ages of the Christian world. You tell me that Paul went up to the tiptop of the Alps of Christian attainment. Then I tell you that the stork and crane have found above the Alps plenty of room for free flying. We go out and we conquer our temptations by the grace of God, and lie down. On the morrow, those temptations rally themselves and attack us, and by the grace of God we defeat them again, but, saying all the time in the old encampment, we have the same old battles to fight over. Why not whip out our temptations, and then forward march, making one raid through the enemy's country, stopping not until we break ranks after the last victory. Do, my brethren, let us have some novelty of combat, at any rate, by changing, by going on, by making advancement, trading off our stale prayers about sins we ought to have quit long ago, going on toward a higher state of Christian character, and routing out sins that we have never thought of yet. The fact is, if the church of God—if we as individuals, made rapid advancement in the Christian life, these stereotyped prayers we have been making for ten or fifteen years would be as inappropriate to us as the shoes, and the hats, and the coats we wore ten or fifteen years ago. Oh for a higher flight in the Christian life, the stork and the crane in their migration teaching us the lesson!

Dear Lord, and shall we ever live, At this poor dying rate— Our love so faint, so cold to thee, And thine to us so great!

Again, I remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we, because they know when to start. If you should go out now and shout, "Stop, storks and cranes, don't be in a hurry!" they would say, "No, we can not stop; last night we heard the roaring in the woods bidding us away, and the shrill flute of the north wind has sounded the retreat. We must go. We must go." So they gather themselves into companies, and turning not aside for storm or mountain top, or shock of musketry, over land and sea, straight as an arrow to the mark they go. And if you come out this morning with a sack of corn and throw it in the fields and try to get them to stop, they are now so far up they would hardly see it. They are on their way south. You could not stop them. Oh, that we were as wise about the best time to start for God and heaven! We say, "Wait until it is a little later in the season of mercy. Wait until some of these green leaves of hope are all dried up and have been scattered. Wait until next year." After awhile we start, and it is too late, and we perish in the way when God's wrath is kindled but a little. There are, you know, exceptional cases, where birds have started too late, and in the morning you have found them dead on the snow. And there are those who have perished half way between the world and Christ. They waited until the last sickness, when the mind was gone, or they were on the express train going at forty miles an hour, and they came to the bridge and the "draw was up" and they went down. How long to repent and pray! How long to do the work of a lifetime and to prepare for the vast eternity in two seconds!

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A WONDERFUL TALE OF LONG, LONG AGO.

Now Perseus the Brave Brought the Gorgon's Head to Wicked King Polydectes—Bright Mrs. Duck—King Fortune—Mistaken Identity.

One day, long ago, when strange monsters lived on the earth and great heroes went forth to conquer them that their names might become famous in the land, there lived on the island of Seriphus a wicked people with their king, Polydectes. Some years before this story opens a good fisherman saw a eel floating on the waters, and drawing it to shore he found that it contained the beautiful princess Danae and her little son Perseus.

You may wonder how they came to be in the eel on the water. They had floated over the ocean from another kingdom, where the people had intended to drown them. But Jove, the mighty god of Olympus, had commanded Poseidon to calm the waters, and that is how they fell to the mercy and kindness of the fisherman who rescued them.

The king of Seriphus was a wicked man, and he wished nothing better than the destruction of young Perseus. So when he had grown to be a tall, apple youth, surpassing in strength and beauty all the young men in Polydectes' kingdom, he was commanded to go forth and conquer the Gorgon Medusa, and to bring to the king the head of this monster as a proof of his valor.

Now, there were three of these Gorgons, sisters, and they were the most awful monsters imaginable. Resembling in part the form of women, but being covered with scales of steel impenetrable to the sharpest knife, and having claws of burnished brass, wings of pure gold, and instead of teeth, great tusks protruding from cavernous mouths, they presented a startling appearance; yet when lying about in the sunlight a weird kind of beauty was lent to them by the reflected light.

But I have not told you the worst of them yet. In place of hair, a hundred snakes curled and twisted and writhed on the head of each, and were to the mortal that looked any of these horrors in the face, for at that same moment he would be turned from warm flesh and blood to cold, hard marble.

Perseus, however, with the fire of youth and strength and bravery filling his dauntless breast, proudly undertook this perilous task with no hope of reward save the fame that his deed, if accomplished, would bring him. He left the king's chamber full of hope, and ambition, but the afterthought of the peril that he was about to encounter made him so sad that he could not bear to tell his mother of his undertaking. So, gliding on his easy sword and taking his shield over his arm, he crossed the water to the mainland and sat down in the woods to think what he should do next.

Suddenly he heard a clear, tinkling voice asking what troubled him, and looking up he beheld Quicksilver before him. All his sorrow and misgivings left him at sight of this personage, and well they might, for his very looks forbade repining. He had a face, bright but ever changeable, as if the sun in dancing over it struck some inward chord that brought smiles and dimples to the surface, as bubbles rise to the surface of water. He wore an odd cap on his golden hair, and carried a stick in his hand, around which snakes seemed twining. On his feet were sandals, and cap, staff and sandals seemed to be supplied with wings, so light were all his movements, so quick and buoyant his manner.

After hearing the tale of Perseus, Quicksilver, or Mercury, as he is sometimes called, told the young man to polish his shield till it shone like a mirror, and taking a short crooked sword that hung by his side, he fastened it to Perseus in place of his sword.

Even yet, however, he might not attack the Gorgon, so they repaired to the forest of Twilight, where lived the three sisters of the Dusk, who directed them where to find the winged sandals, the cap of Aides, which rendered the wearer invisible, and the magic wallet.

After getting possession of these precious gifts, Perseus and Quicksilver rose into the air. It was now night, and Perseus, looking down, beheld the beautiful earth bathed in moonlight and stretched like a magic city below.

Over valleys and mountains they sped, like two huge birds, till they approached the seashore. Then out over the water, and there on an island, rock-bound, except on one side, where a stretch of silver sand sparkled in the moonlight, lay the three Gorgons asleep, their huge golden wings drooped backward on the glistening sand, and the snake ringlets rearing themselves and hissing drowsily.

"Now," said a low, calm voice, which Perseus recognized as belonging to Minerva, "look into your shield and strike quickly. That is Medusa moving. If you look at her, your errand is in vain."

And quickly obeying, Perseus struck off the head of Medusa, just as she was awakening from a horrible dream.

"Quick," cried Mercury, "put it in the wallet and fly!"

What was Perseus' surprise to see the apparently small purse enlarge till it could hold the great head, snaky locks and all. Then rising into the air, they sped on, pursued by the now awakened sisters, who filled

the air with unearthly cries. But the helmet of Aides completely hid Perseus from their view, and soon their cries became faint as the distance between them waxed greater.

The task was done. But the homeward journey covered many dangerous fields, and Perseus met with several thrilling adventures, besides rescuing Andromeda from the water monster sent to devour her.

When he reached home at last you may imagine his anger at finding that his mother had been forced to fly, during his absence, from the cruelties of King Polydectes. That monarch was much chagrined to behold the prince that he thought he had sent to death. But dissembling, he greeted Perseus and demanded that the head of Medusa be shown before all his assembled people.

Perseus at first, was loth to consent, but when the king threatened punishment and he remembered the ill-treatment of his mother, he drew forth the head, and cried:

"Then look!"

Immediately the king and all the people were transfixed in marble, fit monuments of their unpitied cruelty.—Philadelphia Times.

Smelling the Bean Sauce.

There was in Yedo a poor man who had worked hard and long, and had saved a small sum of money. He had no strong-box to keep it in; and it occurred to him that if he dropped it inside an empty bean-sauce cask, no one would ever think of looking there for it. Now this bean sauce is much used by poor people; but the smell is very strong and somewhat offensive to persons of delicate taste. Some ingenious thief, after all did discover the hiding place, for one day the poor man found his money missing. He went immediately to Oka, and told him of the loss, adding that he thought it must be laid to the charge of some of his neighbors. So Oka summoned all the poor man's neighbors for the next day, and when they had appeared in court, Oka announced: "In my opinion it is one of you that has stolen this money from the bean-sauce cask, and, if so I shall be able to tell by the smell of the thief's fingers. So let each of you come up here and present his hands in turn." Just as he said this, he noticed one of the men in the back part of the court-room suddenly put his hand to his nose and said: "That man over there is the thief!" Immediately exclaimed the judge, pointing to the man.

Oka knew, you see, that if the thief was really among the crowd, his guilty conscience would probably suggest to him the thought, "Will my hands betray me?"—Harper's Young People.

King Fortune.

A pretty way to tell fortunes is to hang a gold ring—a plain one is best—on a long hair just taken from some one's head, and resting your elbow on a table where a glass tumbler or goblet is set, let the ring hang down until it swings just below the top of the glass. Hold the ends of the hair firmly between the thumb and forefinger, and keep the hand perfectly still. In a little while the ring will begin to swing back and forth, going faster and farther until it strikes the side of the tumbler with a tinkling sound.

Now the questions must be asked by the one who holds the ring or any one watching the performance. All questions must be such as can be answered by yes or no. For example, you could not ask "When am I going away?" but "Am I going away at such or such a time?" One tap of the ring on the glass means "No," two means "Yes." Try it, boys and girls, and see what fun you will have.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

The Red Squirrel and the Barbed-Wire Fence.

A little red squirrel lived under a fence—An old rail-fence at the edge of a wood: He took a deep interest in current events, And sat on the top rail and learned all he could.

The farmer was wide-awake, likewise, and so One day in the paper he read of barbed wire. And said to himself, "That old rail-fence must go; I'll have it chopped up into sticks for the fire."

The little red squirrel has moved to the wood. At being a hermit he makes great pretences. He wouldn't learn current events if he could. He's down on newspapers and barbed-wire fences.—Harper's Young People.

The Forbidden Word.

I grieve to say that Robert was a bad little boy, and among other bad habits he had one of saying "rats" to his mother when she reproved him. One day she told him that the next time he said "rats" to her she would punish him severely. Being taken to task later in the day for some childish misdemeanor, he threw his head back and exclaimed with flashing eyes: "How I would like to say them little black things what runs under the sidewalk!"

Chocolate Almonds.

Take one-half a pound of almonds, blanch dry, and scorch them in the oven. Heat one-half pound of chocolate, that flavored with vanilla is the best, and dip each almond into the chocolate separately. Put them on to tins until they are quite cold, and then lift them off with a sharp knife.

Mistaken Identity.

Little Walter and his sister Helen sleep in separate beds in the same room. One night Walter called out, "Papa, sister has fallen out of bed!" As papa appeared upon the scene, Walter, now evidently awake, said, "O, it is me!" And so it was.—Youth's Companion.

Where Bobby Thought It Was.

Grace had just been said with bowed heads above the reversed plates when little Bobby exclaimed: "Now, grandpa, read what is on the bottom of my plate."

EXECUTING AN INJURED FLY.

How a Quartet of Insects Put a Half-Burned Brother to Death.

Flies are not usually credited with great intelligence but an illustration observed last night goes far to disprove any idea that they are entirely bereft of thought. It was near midnight and a writer for the Philadelphia Call laid aside his pen for the day, but was constrained to remain at the desk by the strange actions of a quartet of flies.

One unfortunate baxter had flown too near the gaslight and had been so badly singed that he could not fly. Quite helpless, he lay on his back struggling to overturn himself. He had almost succeeded, but so painful were his efforts that mercy suggested the speedy killing of the insect. But the manifest agitation of four unusually large flies prevented a hasty execution. In great excitement the quartet circled around the unfortunate, remaining within a radius of twelve inches. One pair seemed to touch heads, and in an instant one of the two went savagely for the injured brother. After contending with him for a brief time the first helper left, when, without lapse of many seconds, the second of the pair went through the same performance. Here was a puzzle that required close study to solve. Were the flies striving to aid the sufferer, or did they want to kill him, either because of his uselessness or to relieve him from pain?

Seventeen times were combats—for such they soon appeared to be—had. The fly, lying on his back, fought and apparently sought to keep off the big insects. As near as the eye could determine, they seemed to strive to reach the neck of the sufferer. There was a short, sharp fight each time. A few grains of sugar were placed on the desk but the fighters were too greatly absorbed to notice them. More powwows ensued, and three attacks followed. Then the four were frightened by an attempt to catch them. One fly not of the quartet was captured and placed under the glass with the wingless member. Five minutes the stranger flew around wildly, not going near the burned fellow. The glass was removed, and in the course of ten minutes four flies were again on the scene, trying to kill the small insect. It was then nearly 1 o'clock a. m., and the observer, falling to inveigle any into a trap, retired. Early in the morning the fly that caused all the trouble was found dead, with the grains of sugar lying around him undisturbed.

SAVED BY RUBBER BOOTS.

Remarkable Escape of a Pilot Boat-keeper When Struck by Lightning.

Propped up with pillows in a large willow rocking chair, with his eyes tightly bandaged, sits a young man of Cambridgeport, who was struck by lightning last Saturday, but lives to tell the story, says the Boston Transcript. His name is Horace W. Folger, he lives at 258 Green street, and is one of the keepers on the pilot boat Florence. It is not too much to say that a pair of rubber boots saved his life. When the storm came up on Saturday afternoon the pilot boat Florence was moored a quarter of a mile from Boston light. The keepers of the boat put on their oil clothing, southwester and rubber boots, and Folger, who is about 25 years old, stood on deck observing the storm, his left hand clasping the back brace, a wire cord half an inch in diameter. There had been only two flashes, and no one aboard thought danger near. Then came a third, and Mr. Folger knew nothing for over an hour. The current evidently selected the highest object—the bamboo pole above the main topmast—and tore it into small pieces after it had ripped the flag. Then the electricity came down the backstay into Folger. His rubber boots, however, offered resistance, and so part of the energy branched off in another direction. As it was, his left side caught the force of the charge. Luckily three women were aboard, comprising a summer pleasure party, and one of them proved an expert in this emergency case. After an hour of rubbing and dosing Folger began to show signs of life and complained of a violent headache, the sensation of sea-sickness, a paralyzed condition of the left side and throat, and a prickly feeling through the whole body. It was evening before he became altogether himself, and then he was taken ashore in the physician's boat Vigilant and carried to his home in an ambulance.

It was not until Sunday night that even water seemed like life. In the meantime his left eye began to pain him intensely when he opened it and his skin felt tough as leather. His face gradually assumed its normal color after the deep purple flush, caused by the flash, had faded. Now he is much more like himself, and there is good prospect of his speedy recovery. He says that the hour following the stroke is a blank to him.

SAVING TIMBER IN MISSISSIPPI.

Stringent State Laws for the Preservation of Forests From Extinction.

Timber depredations, according to the New York Evening Post, have been stopped practically in Mississippi by a law which punishes offenders severely. There are large areas of forest land there belonging either to the United States government or to the state, and the temptation to settlers in remote regions to enter upon them and help themselves to wood was often too strong to be resisted. When driven from federal land by deputy United States marshals, the timber thieves found refuge in the state forests, which were not so well policed, and by moving from one territory to the other they contrived to escape arrest. The federal officers finally became so violent that timber stealing proved a dangerous business, and the thieves transferred all their operations to the state lands. The legislature thereupon passed the law referred to, and it has improved the morals of the people so much that some districts which formerly were the scene of wholesale depredations are now almost free from the raids of poaching woodmen. The statute imposes a fine of \$2 per acre for each acre in every forty-acre subdivision of land upon which any trespass is committed. For the protection of private owners it also provides that for every tree cut down without their consent a fine of \$5 shall be paid.